

Lost Wisdom by Kiku_Takamoto

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Summary:

Billy has to pick Steve up after the latter gets his wisdom teeth taken out. What a drugged up Steve says during the car ride home both annoys and surprises Billy.

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Author's Note:

- Billy is living with Hopper and Jane
- Diverges from the cannon story line (takes place after season 2, but no major season 3 events are mentioned)

“Uh, what?” Billy blinked dumbly at Hopper, double checking if his hearing was working or if Hopper was asking something crazy of him.

“Can you help pick Steve up? Yes, or no?”

“No chief, in case you have forgotten; I beat the shit out of him when I lost my shit. We aren’t exactly buddy-buddy,” Billy didn’t care if Hopper had allowed him to with him and his daughter with very few strict rules he had to follow, it was actually a breeze and very little trouble to follow Hopper’s rules. But this is was one of the few times he was more than willing to openly disobey Hopper.

Billy could hear the strain and stress in Hopper’s voice.

“First of all, watch your language. Second, no one else can do it and I have to pick up your sister and Jane from the Wheeler’s for their sleepover tonight. Third, when I allowed you to stay with me you agreed you would help with Jane, your sister or other necessary tasks whenever needed,’ his face soften as soon as he saw Billy’s eyes looking to aside, ‘Look Hargrove, I know you won’t admit it outload, but I know you regret what happened that night. Just consider this a step in the right direction. Hmm?”

“Fine, only because he’s the only one at the ice cream shop who doesn’t fuck up my order,” Billy breathed out in annoyance as he gathered his car keys and left the cabin towards his Camaro.

“Again language- forget it. Just pick Harrington up at Smile’s Dentistry,” Hopper yelled from the cabin’s front door, preparing to leave himself.

“Yes, chief,” with that Billy drove away to the dentist’s office. He was there not too long ago to fix a cavity that had launched out his mouth, it was from one the few hard hits Steve had managed lay into him.

Within minutes Billy arrived. Thankfully, there wasn’t many other cars, so he wouldn’t get weird looks if he had to carry Steve to his car. Billy knew that Steve had gotten his wisdom teeth removed, four of them to exact, but he was also curious, he never saw Steve on meds. Hell, he never even saw Steve’s drunk before, how Steve would be after surgery was a morbid curiosity he couldn’t wait to see.

An older woman came up to Billy giving him a flirtatious smile, Billy had to try his best not to show his disgust. But he wasn’t about to sacrifice his image either, “Hey sweetheart, you got a Steve Harrington here?”

“Yup, and he’s all already to go,” she answered back looking back at Billy like was a dumbstruck schoolgirl.

As soon as Billy walked into Steve's room, he immediately was intrigued. Steve was laying on bed with cotton all stuffed in his mouth with the dopiest smile Billy ever saw. The drunken stares he got from the girls at parties and concerts were nothing in comparison to this. Billy didn't whether to laugh or try to run away, then Steve started singing.

"Wabe me up before you go-go, don'pt leabe me hanging on like a yo-yo!" Billy already felt himself groaning on the inside, Steve was way worst then he imagined, this wasn't even entertaining as much as it was annoying. He expected Steve to be either sleepy dope, or a quiet dope. Not a happy excited load dope. He thanked god that no one else was here to enjoy his misery at this task.

But Billy couldn't deny it, this was also pretty damn funny and was class A blackmail material, *"I should have brought my damn camera."*

"Here he is,' the woman gave Billy Steve's medication and other discharge paper as he helped Steve get up. The woman got on the other side of Steve helping him walk out of the office and into Billy's Camaro, "The dentist accidently gave him a little bit more than usual. The effect should ware off in a few hours,"

"Oh. This keeps getting fuckin better and better," Billy kept his cool smiling at the woman as he drove out of the parking lot and back on the road back to Hopper's cabin. He knew Hopper wouldn't want Steve to be all alone in his house, scratch that, he would skin Billy alive if he left a doped-up Steve alone in his house and leave him to possibly drown in his own pool.

"Harbgrobe!' Steve yelled with cotton all in mouth and his cheeks puffed so much that he could revival a chipmunk, "Why yous hereb?"

“Hopper sent me,” Billy could see from the corner of his eye that Steve was staring at him in intense interest.

“What the fuck are you staring at?”

“You, you’re really hot ha-ha!” Steve laughed for a few seconds before Billy stopped at the stop light. Billy saw a look of horror meet Steve’s face, ‘Uh, oh.’”

“What? Uh, oh?” Billy inquired; his curiosity now was more intense than before.

“I’m not supposed to say that! You’ll think I’m a bag!” Steve dry sobbed, had it not been for the confession Billy would have been laughing his ass off at Steve calling himself a ‘bag’. But there was nothing funny about Steve’s confession.

Billy decided to break the ice, “Do you mean- “

“Look what I can do!” Steve grinned. He sat still; Billy looked back at Steve in confusion as they continued over to Hopper’s cabin. Steve didn’t move.

“What are you doing?”

“Back flips. What I’m not doing it?” Billy nearly face-palmed himself.

“How could so much stupid be stuck in one body?”

“Oh, my fuckin god,” Billy growled to himself as Steve continued to ‘do back flips’

“I don’t think god would like being fucked,’ Steve laughed looking at the window in complete fasciation as if he hasn’t seen the sights hundreds of times before, ‘Though, I would like to be fucked, ha-ha.”

“Uh, huh.”

“There’s this guy, he got the prettiest hair ever and he has blue eyes,’ Billy felt his eyes widen, he knew Steve was talking about him. Who else matches that description? ‘Sometimes I imagine him grinning at me like he does with those other bitches.”

“W-What? What the fuck are you getting at, Harrington?’ Billy felt everything inside him panic to extreme levels, he so badly wanted to know if Steve was revealing a hidden truth, or it was just doing dope filled babble.

Steve started to doze off, Billy wasn’t going to allow it, ‘Harrington! Hey? I asked you a question!”

Steve nearly bolted out of his seat.

“Ahh!” Steve suddenly screamed. Billy was so surprised he nearly crashed his car into a stop sign right before turning into Hopper driveway.

“Jesus Christ, what?!” Billy snarled now both annoyed and full of anxiety.

“My teeth are gone!” Steve wailed trying to touch the back of his mouth where his stitches were. Billy all but had to man handle Steve’s hands away from his mouth while keeping one hand on the wheel. Billy felt like he was babysitting an actual baby now.

“Don’t touch that, Harrington!”

“Where are my wisdom teeth?!”

“Gone, Harrington,” now Steve was actually crying looking into the rear-view mirror. Billy was ready to kill Steve as he parked the Camaro in front of the cabin, ‘What the hell? Why are you crying now?’

“Is my wisdom gone?”

That was then Billy lost all composure and chackled like a mad man. This was too damn funny to him. He didn’t care how insane he looked.

“I’m never gonna let you live this down, Harrington,” Billy declared as he helped Steve out of the car and into the cabin.

‘Ok, Harrington. Let’s get you to bed,” leading Steve to his own room. Steve laid down without fighting as Billy took his shoes off throwing them into a near-by corner. Billy was hoping Steve would fall straight asleep but instead Steve raised his arms up in the air.

“Can you join me?” Steve slurred.

“No,” Billy answer, a little too quickly.

“But why?”

“Cause I’m not fruitcake,” Billy was finding it harder and harder to keep his composure as he watched Steve laughing face turn to into one of a begging puppy.

“Of-course you’re not, Billy-boy,” he declared as if it was an obvious fact, ‘You’re so much nicer to look at.”

“I’m aware, Harrington,” Billy signed trying to gather some blankets for Steve so he could rest his head, ‘Ok, come on.”

“This is so much fun,” Steve stated happily.

“Ok. Harrington. Let’s get you to bed- ‘Steve wouldn’t let go of Billy. Billy signed in frustration he didn’t want to fight a drugged guy with bloody teeth, ‘Harrington, I’m not going to do this with you- “

“Billy, can I tell you a secret?’ Steve asked trying his best to look at Billy seriously. Billy froze, was he finally going to get useful information? Steve’s ‘serious’ composure melted for a second, ‘Ha, the moment I saw you pull up at school, I always stared at your ass in those tight ass jeans of yours.’

Billy felt his heartbeat faster and faster as Steve got closer to him, nearly straddling his lap, ‘I never thought I liked guys but then I saw you and y-you”

“You ... what?”

“You weren’t full of bullshit. I was jealous of you,’ Steve’s expression became more sad and solemn despite being clearly stoned out of his mind, ‘Y-You always confident and sure of yourself. I thought I was jealous of you but in reality, I was mad cause I wanted you to look at me. Instead, you were always looking at w-whatever bitch was hanging on your arm”.

“I was always looking at you, pretty boy,” Billy gently confessed as he wrapped his arm behind Steve’s lower back, so he balanced the brunette on his lap.

“N-Not like how I wanted,’ Steve’s dilated eyes started gathering

unshed tears, 'I wanted you to want me, not challenge me for some bullshit game in gym or some k-kegger at party.'

At that moment, for the first time in life, Billy felt like an utter jerk, "I see ..."

"Yeah, God ... hahaha ... this is the best dream I've ever had," Billy felt his eyes widen even more.

"Dream?"

"Yeah, I knew you wouldn't want me in real life," Billy took that drugged declaration as a challenge. While keeping his grip on Steve Billy got closer to Steve face.

"Oh? You want me to show you how I feel about you?" Billy whispered in Steve's ear.

"Really? How- 'Steve paused as he felt warm lips caress his neck before traveling up to behind his ears. His moans and groans were loud and uncensored, exactly how Billy liked it.

'Hmm, you got a nice sensitive neck," Billy grinned as he soaked in the drugged groans of pleasure. Steve continued groaning as Billy massaged the ass cheeks in his two hands.

"Billy?" Steve moaned as Billy lowered himself and Steve onto the

bed's fluffy sheets.

"Yeah?"

"Please don't let this be a d-dream,' Steve begged as his eyes started blink more and more slowly. The drugs from early were obviously taking their toll on him, 'I already lost my wisdom I don't want to lose chances with you too."

"Fuck, fuck," Billy whispered into Steve's hair. Steve poked Billy's head gently, but clearly still as dopped as before.

"Billy? Hargrobe?"

"You're going to be the death of me," Billy whispered back, pulling the blankets over the both of them before kicking his own shoes off.

"Stay with me?" Steve begged as he became more and more sleepy.

Billy nodded his head watching as Steve fell into deep sleep, "Sure."

Unknown to both of them, two pairs of eyes were looking through the crack of the door as they slept and cuddled together. Both with grinning looks on their faces.

El smiled at Max, “They’re happy?”

“Very happy,” Max whispered, leading them both to El’s room. Where both girls giggled and laughed at the thought of party’s reaction when they found out about the recent discovery and the reddened faces of the new couple that would follow.